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the authors and composers of France, the authors of England, the managers of theatres, publishers, in fact, almost every individual interested in the question, and launched petitions and memorials one after the other, backed by another vigorous demand from the French Government, accompanied by a threat in the French press that if England persisted in her barefaced robbery the treaty should be rescinded. At last we extorted a very reserved expression from the Lords of Trade that they would see about it. I take it to be a piece of unblushing effrontery that we should cry "Stop thief!" to America, when our hands are literally in the pockets of our neighbor France.

The *Times* puts very forcibly, and in the following words, the position of an American author offering his manuscript to an American publisher, who meets him with this reply:

"Why should I pay you for that which I can get for nothing? You are a person of whom the public has never heard a word, and it is at the best doubtful whether your book would sell a sufficient number to pay my expenses. On the other hand, here I have the choice of all the most renowned or popular authors of Europe, the public know them, and are sure to buy them, and I am only at the cost of printing. Get your book published in England, and let it be a success there, and I am pretty sure to publish it, but I cannot pay you anything even then. All the profit passes into my pocket."

Now, what happens to a young English dramatist who offers his play to a London manager? He will meet with this answer:—

"Why should I pay you for that which I can get in France for nothing? You are a person of whom the public have never heard a word; and it is at the best doubtful if your play will succeed and draw the expenses. On the other hand, here I have choice of all the plays produced in the theatres of Paris. The public have heard of them, will come to see them, and I am only at the cost of translation. Go to Paris! Get your play done there. If it be a success, I shall be sure to produce it, but I shan't pay you anything even then. All the profit passes to my pocket."

There is another view of the question which, if we overlook, the Americans will not fail to take into account: the readers in the United States are at least eight times more numerous than the readers in Great Britain; in making a free exchange of markets, the English author obtains in America eight times the benefit which the American author obtains in England.

Be assured the Americans are clear-minded enough to place this matter on its square basis, and being there are liberal enough to deal with it generously; but if we seek for the establishment of an International Copyright Convention, we, of all people, may not approach the question in a tone of indignant remonstrance; and to attempt to bully the United States into a recognition of a delinquency which they have never committed, appears to me as silly as it is unjustifiable.

DION BOUCICAULT.

BRUNSWICK.—The following was the programme at the first concert given by the Association for Classical Music:—Trio, Op. 66 (C minor,) Mendelssohn; Air from *Le Chaperon Rouge*, Boieldieu; Sonata, Op. 12, No. 2, Beethoven; Songs, Schubert and Schumann; and Pianoforte Solos, Field, Schumann, and Schubert. Mdlle. Marstrand was the pianist; and Herr Stockhausen, the vocalist. At the concert given by the Ducal Orchestra in aid of the Fund for the Widows and Orphans of deceased Members, the programme included, among other pieces, Abert's Symphony of *Columbus*; R. Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*; Beethoven's C minor concerto (Herr Bendel); and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody."

LIFE AND DEATH.

Before God's shrine she stands,
A veil thrown o'er her head;
The priest now joins their hands.
While holy words are said.
Bathed in mellow light,
A wreath around her brow.
Clad in robes of white—
A bride, behold her now!
Music is stealing round—
To chant of holy hymn;
Hark! how the solemn sound
Steals through the arches dim.
They sing "Blest may she be!
Her work of day by day
Be blest! O happy she!"—
"Tis thus for life we pray.

Laid on her narrow bed,
Clad in a garment white,
A cross above her head,
She's taking rest to-night.
Flowers are scatter'd round,
Her hands crossed o'er her breast;
No more shall earthly sound
Disturb that quiet rest.
Sweet music steals aloft—
The chant of holy hymn,
Those notes, so low and soft,
Steal through that chamber dim.
They sing: "The dead are blest!
Their work of day by day
Has ceased, and now they rest;"—
"Tis thus in death we pray.

Life to the joyous seems the best;
The weary only long for rest.

ORIGIN OF NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

CONCLUDED.

The old theatre of Pittsburg occupied the site of the present one, on Fifth street. It was an unpretending structure, rudely built of boards, and of moderate proportions, but sufficient, nevertheless, to satisfy the taste and secure the comfort of the few who dared to face consequences and lend patronage to an establishment under the ban of the Scotch-Irish Calvinists. Entering upon duty at the "Old Drury" of the "Birmingham of America," Rice prepared to take advantage of his opportunity. There was a negro in attendance at Griffith's Hotel, on Wood street, named Cuff—an exquisite specimen of his sort—who won a precarious subsistence by letting his open mouth as a mark for boys to pitch pennies into, at three paces, and by carrying the trunks of passengers from the steamboats to the hotels. Cuff was precisely the subject for Rice's purpose. Slight persuasion induced him to accompany the actor to the theatre, where he was led through the private entrance, and ensconced behind the scenes. After the play, Rice, having shaded his own countenance to the "contraband" hue, ordered Cuff to disrobe, and proceeded to invest himself in the cast-off apparel. When the arrangements were complete, the bell rang, and Rice, habited in an old coat forlornly dilapidated, with a pair of shoes composed equally of patches and places for patches on his feet, and wearing a coarse straw hat in a melancholy condition of rent and collapse over a dense black wig of matted moss, waddled into view. The extraordinary apparition produced an instant effect. The crash of peanuts ceased in the pit, and through the circle passed a murmur and bus-

tle of liveliest expectation. The orchestra opened with a short prelude, and to its accompaniment Rice began to sing, delivering the first line by way of introductory recitative:

"Oh, Jim Crow's come to town, as you all must know,
An' he wheel about, he turn about, he do jis so,
An' every time he wheel about he jump Jim Crow."

The effect was electric. Such a thunder of applause as followed was never heard before within the shell of that old theatre. With each succeeding couplet and refrain the uproar was renewed, until presently, when the performer, gathering courage from the favorable temper of his audience, ventured to improvise matter for his distiches from familiarly known local incidents, the demonstrations were deafening.

Now it happened that Cuff, who meanwhile was crouching in dishabille under concealment of a projecting flat behind the performer, by some means received intelligence, at this point, of the near approach of a steamer to the Monongahela wharf. Between himself and others of his color in the same line of business, and especially as regarded a certain formidable competitor called Ginger, there existed an active rivalry in the baggage-carrying business. For Cuff to allow Ginger the advantage of an undisputed descent upon the luggage of the approaching vessel would be not only to forfeit all "considerations" from the passengers, but, by proving him a laggard in his calling, to cast a damaging blemish upon his reputation. Liberally as he might lend himself to a friend, it could not be done at that sacrifice. After a minute or two of fidgety waiting for the song to end, Cuff's patience could endure no longer; and, cautiously hazarding a glimpse of his profile beyond the edge of the flat, he called, in a hurried whisper, "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, must have my clo'se! Massa Griffi wants me—steamboat's comin'!"

The appeal was fruitless. Massa Rice did not hear it, for a happy hit at an unpopular city functionary had set the audience in a roar in which all other sounds were lost. Waiting some moments longer, the restless Cuff, thrusting his visage from under cover into full three-quarters view this time, again charged upon the singer in the same words, but with more emphatic voice: "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, must have my clo'se! Massa Griffi wants me—steamboat's comin'!"

A still more successful couplet brought a still more tempestuous response, and the invocation of the baggage-carrier was unheard and unheeded. Driven to desperation, and forgetful in the emergency of every sense of propriety, Cuff, in ludicrous undress as he was, started from his place, rushed upon the stage, and, laying his hand upon the performer's shoulder, called out excitedly, "Massa Rice, Massa Rice, gi' me nigga's hat—nigga's coat—nigga's shoes—gi' me nigga's t'ings! Massa Griffi wants 'im—STEAMBOAT'S COMIN'!"

The incident was the touch, in the mirthful experience of that night, that passed endurance. Pit and circles were one scene of such convulsive merriment that it was impossible to proceed in the performance; and the extinguishment of the footlights, the fall of the curtain, and the throwing wide of the doors for exit, indicated that the entertainment was ended.

Such were the circumstances—authentic in every particular—under which the first work of the distinct art of Negro Minstrelsy was presented.—*Atlantic Monthly*.